

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo.* sec. xxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

APRIL 30, 1840.

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Now is the very season for all kinds of commotions and stirrings-up in the world of music. On all sides we have concerts and “rumours” of concerts—operas, Italian, German, and we had almost said, English, are in full swing—every sort of performance, from the ponderous oratorio, to the diminutive *soirée musicale*, is thrust in a ceaseless current on public notice—the importation of strange fiddlers, pianoforte-players, and singers, is fast approaching its climax, and musical bill-stickers are waxing to that state of activity in their business which must inevitably corrupt the integrity of brick walls, and render waste paper a drug in the market. Music and summer grow warm together; but amidst all this bustle of preparation and onset, we miss *one* little voice of other seasons which should by this time, at least, have grown pretty vociferous in its roarings. What has become of the British Society, and its claims in behalf of British composers? Where are the symphonies, the overtures, the *scenas* great and little, the orchestras, the instruments, and the singers, with which, in times gone by, this bundle of youthful intellect threatened to fight its way to the respect and estimation of the world? What desolation has fallen on it thus to dissolve its committees, shut up its books, and declare it arrived at the end of its appointed course? We put these queries in no jeering, and scarcely in a reproachful, strain—we merely wish, as far as in us lies, to goad this association of native talent—if it be not irrecoverably defunct—to some energetic demonstration in its own behalf, so that, among other musical disqualifications, apathy may not be charged on the young composers of our metropolis. In the name of Apollo, then, what are they all doing? Do they consider their reputation so solidly and universally established, that pens, ink, and paper are no longer

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sinews of their warfare in the prejudices which first provoked them to action—or rather, that these prejudices are smothered in their own folly, and with them has perished all incentive to exertion? Or have they, in despair, betaken them to an *otium sine dignitate*—an inglorious ease, which will but gnaw out the vitals of their cause, and leave them and it the shadow of foiled intention—the typification of powerless vaunting—the wreck of something which *might* have honoured the country of its birth?

We know, and deplore, that the efforts of the British Society to attract a due share of public patronage to its concerts of former seasons have failed; but we also know that the primary cause of these failures was to be found in the Society itself. Public taste declared itself, and ever will do so, against careless or in-adroit catering for its entertainment. Our countrymen do not possess that dogged spirit of patriotism which would induce them, for home's sake, to peril the comfort of their ears against the unlaudable essays of very indifferent performers with equally indifferent music, nor indeed are they called on for any such sacrifice. We should regret to find the public swerving from its determined and exclusive patronage of the highest order of performance:—such a course stimulates the progress of art, by holding out to artists, in the shape of a prospective reward, the strongest possible inducement to labour for their own advancement. The British Society, we think, reckoned too liberally on the indulgence of its subscribers. Its concerts, in all fairness to their object, *should have been* the best, and notoriously *were* among the worst in London. Its bands were feeble as to numbers, poor in quality, and constantly varying in their constituent individuals: and in its selections of music, favouritism and under-hand influence so far prevailed over discretion and integrity, that the public performances became rather a libel on, than an indication of, the genius which they profess to foster. That all this is strictly true, the British Society must admit; indeed, we have never known any member, blessed with the smallest amount of penetration and candour, who evinced the least disposition to gainsay it; although each, as is usual in associations of the joint-stock kind, has anxiously endeavoured to shift the blame from his own back on to the broadest pair of shoulders that happened to lie next to him.

If the spirit of determination and consciousness of power which first called this Society into existence, be not wholly lost or tamed down to the dotard's imbecility, it is not yet too late to achieve the purpose which all who know and value the music of their country will eagerly press forward to assist. Concerts—wholly *English* concerts—must be given, but they must be, *at all points*, absolutely first-rate, or they will neither deserve, nor obtain public support. We have materials superabundant in the metropolis for the formation of an orchestra equal to any in the world, but they must be carefully selected and prospectively engaged for the whole number of nights on which their services will be required. Numbers of masterly and beautiful compositions are, notoriously, reposing on the lumber-shelves of their authors, from whence they can be rescued only by the means of some such institution as the British Society; but in separating these

genuine specimens of art from the influx of mere scribbling which will infallibly pour in on an examining committee, all private and personal considerations must give way before an honest avowal of opinion, and resolute solicitude for the welfare of the common cause; and as composers will probably form three-fourths of any such committee, we would propose to unshackle their expressions of judgment on each other's works, by the use of Mr. Grote's ballot-box, or any other devisable *panacea* for the evils of intimidation.

With a due regard to the points we have thus lightly touched on, the members of the British Society need not fear the results of another series of concerts. As concerns the necessity for some public demonstration, they have but little in the way of alternative. It appears to us that they must either bestir themselves, issue prospectuses, and follow them with concerts of a calibre worthy their pretensions, or else endure the stigma of having signally failed in every direction—of having, by imbecile management, drawn down contempt on the cause of which they were self-appointed the advocates, or, at best, of abandoning a position which they no longer had power to retain. We need not say which of these attitudes we wish to see the Society assume. The choice is at its own disposal, but its justification is in the hands of every musician in the three kingdoms.

GERMAN OPERA.

THE German company commenced its performances on Monday evening at the *quondam* St. James's—now, the Prince's theatre;—*Der Freyschutz* was the opening opera, and no selection could have more completely enabled the public to fairly estimate the value of the newly-imported talent. It has been heard at all sorts of theatres, from Covent Garden to the Surrey; and under every variety of circumstance, from the splendid efforts of Mrs. Wood and Braham, to the mawkish attempts of the present time. Its popular beauties have become as familiar as a nursery-tale, and its more artistical features have, by constant repetition, found a place in public comprehension. But for all its familiarity, *Der Freyschutz*, at our theatres, has been little else than a body without a soul;—carelessness and inability have done their utmost to cloud the brightness of Weber's genius; and besides these almost inevitable evils, consequent on the barbarous condition of operatic performance in this country, we have scarcely had one version of this opera that could be regarded as authentic either as to music or *libretto*. Some ten years since, a company including the two best dramatic vocalists at that time in Germany—Schroeder Devrient and Haitzinger, and under the direction of Chelard of Munich, performed *Der Freyschutz* in London, and even after this long interval, the impression produced by that version of Weber's *chef d'œuvre*, can hardly have been effaced from public recollection; but from that time to this, it has never been heard here, in *all* respects, to any tolerable advantage.

M. Schumann's company is evidently not first-rate—for the Continent, at least; it does not, at present, contain any singer that in Germany would be considered positively *great*, still, *all* are good; and the level excellence of their performance, and the neatness and care evident in every department of the business, provide a most grateful contrast to the miserable course of failure which, of late, the public has been made to endure at our own theatres. The *prima donna* is Madame Fischer Schwartzbock, described as of the Ducal Theatre at Carlsruhe. Her voice is powerful, and remarkable for a full and heavy quality of tone very unusual with German singers: her execution is neat, and her style unaffected and artist-like. We must confess, however, that *Agatha*, in her hands, neither wholly realizes our idea of the character, nor indeed equals the

readings we have heard from one or two singers of our own country. Madame Schwartzbock's manner is slightly too heavy—it lacks freshness and enthusiasm: she, now and then, rouses herself to bursts of energy—as, for instance, in the conclusion of the grand *scena*;—but these departures from placidity have more the appearance of forced awakenings from constitutional torpor than of unbidden outbreaks of natural, though latent, passion. As an actress, also, she lacks vehemence of expression, and, besides, falls constantly into the error of over-regard for the presence of the audience, and thus makes that too obviously a purposed exhibition, which, for perfect illusion, should appear an unalloyed emanation of nature. As a counterbalance to these defects, she displays a quality which, in music of this class, cannot be too highly estimated;—she never distorts the composer's idea by additions or alterations of her own; the style of ornament she employs is in the purest taste, and the slight demands she occasionally makes on the indulgence of the orchestra are never offensive either in manner or situation. On the whole, she may be considered an efficient, but not first-rate, vocalist. Madame Schumann is the most perfect representative of *Annchen* we have ever seen. She is altogether a most fascinating little person: her acting is *naïve* and engaging in the highest degree, her singing exquisitely finished, and her whole manner replete with the most hearty, yet unobtrusive vivacity. She was most deservedly *encored* in the beautiful song in C, in the second act. The tenor, Herr Schmezer, is certainly a chief “star” of the company. He has a thoroughly German voice—powerful, and brilliantly-metallic in quality, and he sings with all necessary care and judgment, and, moreover, a large amount of good taste. Since the beautiful performances of Haitzinger, we have never heard the *scena* of *Max* in the first act sung with such refined, yet enthusiastic, feeling, as on Monday evening. The *Caspar*, Herr Poeck, is a bass of considerable ability, yet not the best, we imagine, that could have been selected from the *corps dramatique* of Germany. He is, however, a clever actor, and in acquaintance with the music and regard for its character and effect, he is far superior to any representative of the character possessed by the theatres of this country. The concerted music and choruses go admirably;—the perfection of the latter, especially,—with small numbers, professedly selected from merely a “stock-company,” and in a theatre whose contracted dimension renders concealment of defect scarcely possible—is a palpable reproach to our chorus-singers, our chorus-masters, and the wretched system which prevails with respect to both. In accordance with Mr. Bunn's usual style of *puff*, we find the orchestra announced as consisting of “thirty-six first-rate musicians,” who, in the true “walk up, all alive”—spirit, we are told are all “Germans.” The authenticity of the second part of this statement we have no reason to doubt, but to its first assertion we are greatly inclined to demur. The fiddles are good, and there is one beautiful violoncello and one ditto double-bass, of which a paramount recommendation is, that the player uses an instrument with four strings, and produces from the lowest notes some of the most extraordinary effects we ever heard from an orchestra. The first clarinet and first bassoon are also excellent, but the flute is indifferent, the principal oboe positively bad, and the horns, if anything, worse. The band is, however, well directed, and plays with great force and precision as a whole, as well as much attention and delicacy in the matter of accompaniment.

Mozart's *Don Juan* is announced for Friday evening, and we shall give an account of its performance in our next number.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARISH-CHURCH-ORGANISTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I was delighted to find that you bestowed some notice in a very ably written article in your last number, on that very ill-used class of musical professors, the parish church organists. But, if you will pardon me for saying so, I was rather disappointed with

the manner in which the excellent "theme" you had selected was *worked out*. When you alluded to the words of the Prayer-book, "to be said or *sung*," and to "the deplorable state of church music," was greatly in hope that your readers were about to be favoured with some powerful incentives to the cultivation of what may in reality be termed "*church music*,"—namely, the performance of the works of some of our fine old ecclesiastical composers of chants, services, and anthems,—not *simply* the display of an organist's skill, desirable as it is that this important office should be filled by a person who has both skill and taste. In the department of church music to which I have referred, how low has the Church of England sunk? For instance, in London alone, how many churches are there in which, of course excepting the cathedrals, there is a musical service at all decently performed? In not one, I believe, is there anything like a full choir to be found. Yet in the Roman Catholic chapels the greatest attention is paid to this point, and in that at Moorfields there is a choir of no less than sixty performers, all of whom, with six exceptions, are *amateurs*. Should not a fact like this *shame* some of our Protestant clergy and laity into activity? Nor is a reform so difficult of accomplishment as may be supposed. The Protestant ritual is admirably adapted for carrying into effect the direction "to be said or *sung*," and no doubt the alternative was only offered on account of the difficulty in some cases of always doing the latter. I know a small church in a country town, where there is a very efficient choir of about twenty performers, all of whom, organist included, are amateurs, and give their services without fee or reward, the church not being endowed and the emoluments very limited. The introductory sentences are sung, the *Gloria Patri*, *Te Deum*, *Jubilate*, and responses chanted, and the *Amens*, even, sung, in a style little inferior to many, and superior to some, cathedrals; and all this has been effected by the zeal, exertion, and influence of one individual, whose only qualification is his love of, united with a very moderate proficiency in, the "*art divine*." To what could our parish-church-organist's talent and taste be more advantageously devoted, than to making similar efforts? I long to see the time when every parish church shall possess, not only an organ, but an efficient choir, and when the musical service shall be performed in a manner somewhat on a par with the sublime nature of our venerable ritual. Dear Sir, aid in promoting this much-needed reform, by your able pen and your extended influence.

Your constant reader

AN AMATEUR PRECENTOR.

Maidstone, April 26th, 1840.

[Our correspondent's good feeling is more remarkable than his patience. He forgets that a single discussion of every point connected with church-music, would entail on our readers an article at least twice the entire length of our paper. His wishes may not possibly remain long ungratified.—Eo. M. W.]

REVIEW.

Recitative and Air; the Words taken from the Book of Ruth; the Music composed by William Henry Phipps.

The recitative is abundant in modulation and passably expressive, and the air smooth and agreeable, though at times sadly perplexed by the unmetrical nature of the words. It is impossible to conceive anything more disagreeable in effect on this account than the second line of the third page, where the words are—almost unavoidably—made to scan after this sort—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." As a matter of taste, also, we think the strain in B minor is rendered too important;—its disproportionate length imparts an air of inconclusiveness to the return to the major tonic. The conclusion, however, in another point of view, is charming. The transient allusion to the subject of the melody with the repetition of the words "Entreat me not to leave thee," is the prettiest idea in the whole composition.

A Collection of English National Airs interspersed with Remark and Anecdote. Edited by W. Chappell. Parts III. and IV.

With this last issue, Mr. Chappell has completed his labours in behalf of England's claim to the possession of national music, as various and as beautiful as that of any country in the world. That the Editor's diligence has been great, the existence of this collection numbering two hundred and forty-five airs, sufficiently testifies; and that his integrity and earnestness of purpose are at least

equal, may be gathered from the pains he is at to discover, as far as possible, the origin of every specimen he gives, to determine the authority on which rest the varieties of form exhibited in any one at different periods, and to render the whole work a practical history of English minstrelsy by a system of elaborate research—evinced in abundant remarks and quotations—not only into the nature and application of the music itself, but into the lives and circumstances of its authors, and all others of notoriety sufficient to be in any way connected with a consideration of the subject. We have elsewhere remarked so copiously on the purport of Mr. Chappell's design and the means adopted for its accomplishment, that we find but little else to say in this place than that the conclusion of his work, now under notice, exhibits unabatedly the energetic and persevering spirit so powerfully developed in the foregoing part. He has left no stone unturned—no resource unproved, in the pursuit of what we must consider his favourite project, and his success is, most deservedly, complete, and, for so extended an effort, altogether unparelled. In so large a number of tunes as we find here collected, it were vain to expect an equality of musical excellence; but while a few must be excepted from the commendation of sterling beauty so justly applicable to the majority, it is quite necessary to observe that these exceptions, from the uses to which, in their day of popularity, they were devoted, or from other recorded associations, possess the strongest interest for the antiquary, if not for the musician, and thus is the whole work invested with a claim on the notice of the *general* public to an extent unequalled in any similar production.

As Mr. Chappell takes on him the office of historian rather than musician—as he deals rather in facts of evidence than matters of opinion—as he broaches no new doctrine nor hazards any unsubstantive statement, we can scarcely discern any legitimate employment for *criticism* in his book. He is wisely satisfied with collating a large number of melodies, and unquestionable authorities on which rest their pretensions to genuineness,—leaving them to declare their own merits and to attest the importance of his exertions during a process of investigation of which few, save those similarly employed, can appreciate the labour and difficulty. Still, as in a work so varied in its contents, so rich in its materials whether of anecdote or deduction, and so strongly impressed with the externals of veracity, there must necessarily be a vast accumulation of matter to which our general notice renders no measure of justice, we lay before our readers some extracts from the book itself, by which its character may be more fairly estimated than by any amount of comment which we could offer on the subject; premising, however, that as our *excerpts* are from its literary portion only, we purpose devoting a future opportunity to the consideration of its strictly musical pretensions.

Touching the vocal acquirements of certain artizans of olden time, we find—

"The following quotation concerning the musical acquirements of tinkers, is from page 94 of a 'Declaration of Egregious Impostures,' (1694) written by Samuel Harsnet, who died Archbishop of York. 'Lustie Jolly Jenkin, by his name should seeme to be foreman of the motley morrice: he had under him, saith himselfe, forty assistants; or rather, (if I mistake not) he had beene by some old exercist allowed for the *master setter of catches, or roundes used to be sung by tinkers*, as they sit by the fire with a pot of good ale between their legges: *Hey, jolly Jenkin, I see a knave drinking, &c.*' Quere, how many tinkers in the present day can be found to sing catches?"

In the remarks on the tune "The hunt is up," we have the following curious information—

"*Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, from which our copy of the music is taken contains many very old and popular tunes, such as 'Trip and go,' and 'Light o' Love,' (mentioned by Shakspere), which we have found in no other printed collection. The words also are evidently much older than 'Merry Drollery,' being parodied in 'Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of Sundrie of Partes of Scripture, with Sundrie of other Ballates changed out of prophaine Sanges for avoyding of Sinne and Harlottrie, &c.:' reprinted in Edinburgh, by Andro Hart, in 1621, the original edition having been published in 1590.

"A 'Hunt is up,' or 'Hunt's up,' was a general term for hunting songs, or rather an

early song to rouse the party for the chase, something equivalent to the French *Réveillée*. It was afterwards generally used for any description of morning song.

"Maurus, *last morne*, at's mistress window plaid
An hunt's up on his lute; but she (it's said)
Threw stones at him: so he, like Orpheus there
Made stones *come flying* his sweet notes to heare.
Wits' Bedlam, 1617.

"And now the cock, the morning's trumpeter,
Play'd hunt's up for the day-star to appear.—*Drayton*.

"The following is the parody from the 'Compendious Booke of Godly Songs,' upon which Ritson remarks that, 'As the measure was not taken up in the north, till there was no longer occasion for it in the south, and particularly as 'The Hunt is up' was an English song, we may fairly enough lay claim to the travestie.

"With hunts up, with huntis up,
It is now perfitte day;
Jesus our King is gane in hunting;
Quha (who) likes to speed they may.

"Ane cursit fox lay hid in rox
This lang and mony ane day,
Devouring sheep, whilk he might creep;
Nane might him shape away.

"It did him gudē to laip the blude
Of young and tender lammis:
Nane could him mis, for all was his,
The young anes with their dammes.

"The hunter is Christ, that hunts in haist;
The hunds are Peter and Paul;
The Paip is the fox; Rome is the rox
That rubbis us on the gall.

"That cruel beist, he never ceist,
By his usurpit power,
Under dispence, to get our pence,
Our saullis to devoure.

"Quha could devise sic merchandise
As he had there to sell,
Unless it were proud Lucifer,
The great Master of Hell?

"He had to sell the Tantonie bell,
And pardons therein was;
Remissions of sins in auld sheep skinis,
Our sauls to bring from grace.

"With buls of lead, white wax and reid,
And either whilles with green,
Closit in ane box, this usit the fox;
Sic peltrie was never seene."

From the account of the ballad, "Bonny Nelly," and its author—

"In the *Ashmolean Museum* (MSS. 36 and 37, art. 271), is, 'A grave Poeme, as it was presented by certain divines by way of Interlude before his Majesty (James I.) in Cambridge, stil'd *Liver novus ne adventu Regis ad Cantabrigiam*, faithfully done into English, with some liberall advantages, made rather to be soong than red, to the Tune of 'Bonny Nell.' This is also reprinted in Nicholls' *Progress of King James*, vol. iii., p. 66, and was written by Dr. Richard Corbett, Bishop of Norwich, a great humorist, both in his words and actions. 'After he was D.D.' says Aubrey, 'he sang ballads at the Crosse of Abingdon.' On a market day, he and some of his comrades were at the taverne by the Crosse (which, by the way, was then the finest in England), a ballad-singer complained that he had no custome; he could not put off his ballads. The jolly Doctor put off his gown, and put on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket; and, being a

handsome man, and having a rare full voice, he presently had a great audience, and vended a large number of ballads."

On the tune called "Tom Nokes' Jig," we find the following comment—

"The tune resembles 'Come, open the door, sweet Betty,' (No. 106); but is in different time. Tom Nokes was a favourite actor in the reign of Charles the Second. The following notice of Nokes and Nell Gwynn is from the appendix to Downes' *Roscius Africanus*, edition of 1789:—

"At the Duke's Theatre, Nokes appeared in a hat larger than Pistol's, which took the town wonderful, and supported a bad play by its effect. Dryden, piqued at this, caused a hat to be made the circumference of a hinder coach-wheel; and as Nelly (Nell Gwynn) was low of stature, and what the French call *mignonne* and *piquante*, he made her speak under the umbrella of that hat, the brims thereof being spread out horizontally to their full extension. The whole theatre was in a convulsion of applause; nay, the very actors giggled, a circumstance none had observed before. Judge, therefore, what a condition the merriest Prince alive was in, at such a conjuncture! 'Twas beyond *odso* and *odsfish*, for he wanted little of being suffocated with laughter."

Of the song "The king enjoys his own again," we have the following admirable account;—

"This tune is in Elizabeth Rogers' Virginal Book (Add. MSS. 10,337, British Museum): in 'Musick's Recreation on the Lira Viol,' 1652; in 'Musick's Delight on the Cithren,' 1666; and in 'The Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs,' 3rd edition, 1685; also in Ritson's 'Ancient Songs,' where the tune, being wrongly barred, is spoiled. The words are ascertained to be Martin Parker's, by the following extract from 'The Gossip's Feast, or Morall Tales,' 1647. After a loyal ballad in praise of King Charles had been sung, we read that 'The Gossips were well pleased with the contents of this ancient ballad, and Gammar Gowty-legs replied, 'By my faith, *Martin Parker* never got a fairer brat: no, not when he pen'd that sweet ballad, *When the King enjoys his own again.*'" In *Vox Borealis*, 4to. 1641, 'one Parker' is described as 'the Prelate's Poet, who made many many base ballads against the Scots,' for which he was 'like to have tasted of Justice Long's liberalitie, and hardly escaped the powdering tub which the vulgar people call a prison.' In a satire printed in the time of the Commonwealth, called, 'Laws and Ordinances forced to be agreed upon by the Pope and his Shavelings,' he is thus mentioned: 'We appoynt John Taylor, *Martin Parker*, Herbert, and all three English Poeticall, Baptistical, Etheisticall Ballad Makers, to put in print rime doggery, from the River Styx, against the truest Protestants, in railing lines.' We have before quoted the passage from *The Actor's Remonstrance*, 1643, in which the author expresses his fear that many of our ablest poets would be compelled to enter themselves into Martin Parker's society, and write ballads; and he is again mentioned by Flecknoe, in a whimsey printed at the end of his *Miscellanea*, 1653: 'Inspired with the spirit of *balating*, I shall sing in *Martin Parker's* veign.' He begins thus:—

'O Smithfield, thou that in times of yore

With thy ballets did make all England roar!

And in *Naps on Parnassus*, 1658, he is styled, 'the ballad-maker and laureat of London.' Ritson pronounces him 'a Grub-street scribbler, and great ballad-monger of Charles the First's time;' but it has been since remarked, that had he seen his poem, 'The Nightingale warbling forth her owne disaster; or, the Rape of Philomela;' or had he known that he known that he was the author of this song, of which he speaks so favourably in the following extract from his *Ancient Songs* (p. 229) he might have softened the stigma:—

"It is with particular pleasure that the editor is enabled to restore to the public the original words of the most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country. Invented to support the declining interest of the Royal Martyr, it served afterwards, with more success, to keep up the spirits of the cavaliers, and promote the restoration of his son,—an event it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the revolution it, of course, became an adherent of the exiled family, whose cause it never deserted. And as a tune is said to have been a principal mean of depriving King James of the crown, this very air, upon two memorable occasions, was very near being equally instrumental in replacing it on the head of his son. It is believed to be a fact, that nothing fed the enthusiasm of the Jacobites, down almost to the present reign, in every corner of Great Britain, more than 'The King shall enjoy his own again;' and even the great orator of the party, in that celebrated harangue, (which furnished the present

laureat with the subject of one of his happiest and finest poems) was always thought to have alluded to it in his remarkable quotation from Virgil of

“*Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canamus!*”

As a strange instance of religious fanaticism of about the year 1590, we quote a love-ditty, and its absurd conversion into a “Godly song”—

“Go from my window, love go;
Go from my window, my dear;
The wind and the rain,
Will drive you back again;
You cannot be lodged here.

“Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear;
The weather is warm,
’T will do thee no harm:
Thou canst not be lodged here.

“Quho (who) is at my windo, who, who?
Goe from my windo, goe, goe.
Quho (who) calls there, so like ane strangere?
Goe from windo, goe, goe.

“Lord, I am here, ane wretched mortal,
That for thy mercie dois erie and call
Unto thee, my Lord celestiall;
See who is at my windo, who?

“O gracious Lord celestiall,
As thou art Lord and King Eternal;
Grant us grace that we may enter all,
And in at thy doore let me goe.

“Quho is at my windo, quho?
Go from windo, go;
Cry no more there, like ane strangere,
But in at my doore thou go.”

One of the most elaborate and interesting articles in the volume, is on the celebrated tune, “The carman’s whistle;” but as we have already much exceeded our ordinary limits of quotation, we most reluctantly, but in self-defence, close this truly delightful book—promising, however, to return to it on the earliest opportunity, and, in the meantime, most earnestly recommending it to the perusal of our readers. All will find it deeply interesting; and in the hands of many, it will prove the best, because the most practical, refutation of the ridiculous calumny, that “England has no national music.”

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.—After a prolonged twilight, the glory of its former seasons has at length arisen at Her Majesty’s Theatre. On Saturday evening came forth Bellini’s *Puritani*, and with it, that deity among singers, the incomparable Grisi. We deem it wholly unnecessary to offer any criticism on her *Elvira*—a performance which has, long since, enslaved the admiration of learned and unlearned alike. It is enough to say that its fascinations are as irresistible as ever—that it remains an aggregate of all imaginable charms that can be wrought by the unity of innate and acquired perfections—and that it still receives the homage of much vociferous applause from the mass who *hear*, and of many silent tears from the few who *feel*. Grisi is in no respect altered—*improved*, as a dramatic singer, we think she cannot be. She sings, as usual, rather as though she were obeying an imperative instinct of her nature, than ful-

filling an adopted duty. Every note she delivers proclaims itself the type of some momentary impulse of passion; every passage she executes seems fashioned, in outline and colour, on some beautiful point in her own intensified imagination; and by her unparalleled grace of utterance, even the mellifluous language of her country acquires a fresh aspect of beauty.

Rubini and Lablache also re-assume their characters, *Arturo* and *Giorgio*, and thus complete an operatic cast entirely unapproachable in its completeness. Rubini sings in this, as all other operas, more as a vocal artist than as a musician. Perfect as are some points of his style, his colouring is grievously exaggerated; light and shade, with him, are carried to the extremes of positive white and black—we lose nearly all the intermediate tints. Moreover, though his manner of ornament is intrinsically elegant, it is not easy to reconcile an unalloyed faith in his musical feeling with the outrageous *floriture* in which he sometimes indulges. Lablache, on the other hand, is a singer in perfection. On no occasion does he either overstep propriety, or cool down below the temperature of the musician's enthusiasm. It is difficult to conceive any display of vocal art more truly exquisite, more refined, or more expressive, than his singing of the air, "Cinta di rose," at the commencement of the second act. The part of *Ricciardo* is assigned to Coletti, who renders it the fullest justice: albeit, some hyper-critical persons thought proper to hiss him at his first entrance on Saturday evening—partly, we presume, because he was *not* Tamburini, and partly to demonstrate their claim to the possession of coarse and unjustifiable prejudices. For other reasons, a school for behaviour should be provided for some of the aristocratic tenants of the boxes at this theatre. The incessant gabbling of lordling coxcombs is doubtless interesting to themselves, but by others cannot be regarded otherwise than as an obtrusive impertinence, and, as such, should be put down without ceremony.

LECTURE IN CROSBY HALL.—On Wednesday evening in last week, Mr. Novello, by his deputy, Mr. Cowden Clarke, delivered a lecture on the Chamber Music of Italy, vocal and instrumental, from the time of Luca Marenzio till that of Corelli. The following were the illustrations, which were sung by Mrs. Searle, Miss Dolby, and Messrs. Binge and A. Novello:—

Disse a l'amata mia.....	Luca Marenzio.
Selve voi.....	Salvator Rosa.
Vado ben spesso.....	Salvator Rosa.
Tu lo sai.....	Aless. Scarlatti.
Bionde crine.....	Caldara.
Surgamus.....	Carissimi.
Now is the month of Maying.....	Morley.
Flora gave me fairest flowers.....	Wibbye.

QUARTETT CONCERTS.—(Omitted in our last number by accident.)—Fifth Concert, Monday, April 20.

PART I.

Quintett in E flat Major, op. 109, for Horn, Violin, two Violas and Violoncello (Messrs. Jarrett, Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas)...	Mozart.
Selection from a set of Canzonets—O say, fond shepherd; and the bird and the maiden (Miss Birch), with Clarinet obligato (Mr. Bowley)	Spohr.
Quartett in E flat Major, op. 127, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas).....	Beethoven.

PART II.

Scena ed Aria—(Miss Birch)—Per pietà (Cosi fan Tutte).....	Mozart.
Quintett in C Minor, op. 53, for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Mme. Duicken, Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando and Lucas).....	Spohr.
Canzonet—(Mr. Hobbs)—Yarico.....	Himmell.
Duet—(Miss Birch and Mr. Hobbs)—I, uninterrupted may now (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Quartett in F Major from op. 80 for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas).....	Haydn.

The quintett of Mozart certainly did not repay the trouble of performance, and—with all reverence be it spoken—scarcely supplied any compensation for the exertion of listening. It appears to be one of his earlier works, and neither displays any very startling beauties in its music, nor is remarkably effective in its combinations. Every advantage, however, was afforded it which could be de-

rived from beautiful performance, especially by the horn-playing of Mr. Jarrett. Beethoven's quartett in E flat is one of those wonderful compound productions of the profoundest science and the most exalted genius which can seldom be heard but at concerts of this description. In it the powers of creation and combination seem carried to their utmost limit;—Beethoven is, by turns, grand, beautiful, and eccentric; but through all these, even his eccentricity, his development of consistent purpose is always evident. Mr. Blagrove and his party are entitled to the utmost credit, as well for their successful encounter with its extreme difficulties, as for making the public acquainted with so beautiful a composition; and they must have felt gratified by its reception. The masterly quintett of Spohr was deliciously played on all hands—Mme. Dulcken especially delighting her audience by her clear and significant execution of the pianoforte part. Haydn's charmingly natural quartett, and its equally charming performance detained all the real lovers of music until the expiration of its final bar. Miss Birch was unusually successful in her execution of Spohr's beautiful canzonets; and the accompaniments of Messrs. Bowley and Benedict were thoroughly in keeping with the artist-like feeling of these gems of vocal writing. Mr. Hobbs bestowed on Himmell's canzonet his usual refinement of manner, and, with Miss Birch, exerted himself strenuously to give effect to the duet from *Fidelio*, which, notwithstanding, went off flatly, through its inadaptability to the resources of concert-performance.—With sincere regret we announce the last of these delightful entertainments, which will take place on Monday, May 18.

MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The seventh meeting of this Society took place on Thursday last, the 16th inst., at Freemasons' Hall. The programme consisted of the following madrigals, &c.:—

Call to remembrance.....	Farrant.
April is in my mistress' face.....	Morley.
Du begl' occhi lucenti.....	Pizzoni.
While others.....	Dr. Tye.
My lady still abhors me.....	Ferretti.
Although the heathen poets.....	Byrd.
Arise! awake.....	Morley.
Come again.....	Dowland.
Tu a sacerdos.....	Leo.
O sweet grief.....	Bennett.
Piu dogni altri.....	Gastoldi.
Now tune the viol.....	Ciamo.
In pride of May.....	Weelkes.
Donna di coil vero.....	Neuti.
O that the learned poets.....	Gibbon.
Fal la la.....	Saville.

M. OLE BULL'S CONCERT.—This distinguished violinist gave his first concert this season at the Opera Concert Room on Wednesday morning. M. Ole Bull performed a concerto in three movements, a fantasia, "The Norwegian's Lament for home," and some *Variazioni di bravura*; and in all of these displayed his astonishing command of the difficulties of his instrument. Miss Robena Laidlaw, a recently-arrived *pianiste*, played Dohler's fantasia from *Anna Bolena* with extraordinary spirit and firmness. On the talent of this young lady we have received some judicious remarks from a correspondent, which will be inserted in a future number.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—FOURTH CONCERT, MONDAY, APRIL 27.

PART I.

Sinfonia, C Minor.....	Beethoven.
Terzetto—(Miss Birch, Miss Toulmin, and Mr. Bennett)—Pria di partit (Idomeneo).....	Mozart.
Concerto, Violin, no. 2 (Herr Molique).....	Molique.
Aria—(Signor Tamburini)—Sorgete (Maometto Secondo).....	Rossini.
Overture—Jubilee.....	C. M. von Weber.

PART II.

Military Symphony.....	Haydn.
Terzetto—(Miss Birch, Mrs. Toulmin, and Signor Tamburini)—Ah! s'eguale (Faniska).....	Cherubini.
Septetto, Pianoforte, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, Flute, Oboe, and Horn (Mme. Dulcken, Messrs. Hill, Lindley, Dragonetti, Ribas, H. Cooke, and Platt).....	Hummel.
Terzetto—(Miss Birch, Mr. Bennett, and Signor Tamburini)—Tremate.....	Beethoven.
Overture—Anacreon.....	Cherubini.

The Philharmonic was not very brilliant with this its fourth concert. The programme is overcast with an air of slight mustiness, rather unworthy of the "first concert in Europe." If we refer to its claims for novelty, we shall find but one piece at all admissible as evidence in that behalf—the violin concerto of M. Molique: and even *this* has been played but shortly since, if our memory serve us, by Mr. Blagrove. As a matter of excellence, but one orchestral work presents itself as first-rate—the C minor symphony of Beethoven. The overture to *Anacreon* is undeniably a brilliant and effective *finale*, but its frequent repetition has worn down much of the freshness which should distinctively mark and separate the performances of the Philharmonic orchestra from those which are inflicted, as a matter of course, on the audiences of the ordinary benefit concerts of the season. Of the remaining overture and symphony little more can be said than that each is, *sui generis*—one of the weakest of its composer's works. The *Jubilee* overture is, with the exception of one or two points, altogether unworthy of Weber's genius; a great portion of it is dull, despite its noise, and not a little, positively vulgar. A similar kind of remark is equally applicable to Haydn's Military Symphony: it contains, of course, a vast quantity of that most commendable article which is never absent from its author's writing—*tune*; but, nevertheless, of a kind which, unless backed by stronger evidences of scholarship, scarcely warranted its redemption from the oblivion in which unregrettedly it has so long slumbered. Beethoven's C minor symphony, however, is in itself worth the cost and labour of attending a concert. Up to the commencement of the *finale*, at least, it is a glorious emanation of genius, and this last movement only suffers an abatement of its vigorous magnificence by the introduction of sundry allusions to the *trio*, and by its *coda*, which disturb the grand proportions of its outline, and impart to its conclusion an appearance of unnecessary labour. It, and the other orchestral pieces of the evening, were very finely executed. As an instance of beautiful instrumental performance, we may also notice the septetto of Hummel; in which, though contrasted with six of the fullest-toned instruments at present to be found in Europe, the piano-forte, under Mme. Dulcken's powerful and brilliant finger, was heard to its full share of advantage. The re-engagement of Herr Molique was a wise step on the part of the Philharmonic directors. His playing, unlike that of most violinists, but like everything of true greatness, seems to gather impressive force in proportion to the minuteness with which it is examined. Its beauties are so refined, and its feeling, intense though it be, is so thoroughly regulated by artistical propriety, that frequent hearing is essential to the comprehension of all its excellencies. His second concerto is a charming composition, often extremely original in its details, and incessant in fancy and variety. It is evidently the writing of a musician, as well as of a fiddle-player; the solo instrument, although the principal, is not the *sole*, point of attraction—the interest of the passages which it executes being constantly rivalled by the masterly employment of the orchestra. The *adagio* is, perhaps, the gem of the work. Its character is essentially plaintive, and its construction remarkable for figures of the most novel elegance, and modulations abundant in variety, yet logical in succession. As to M. Molique's performance, we can add but little to the tribute of homage we have already offered to its marvellous perfection. It was all that legitimately can, or ought, to be done with the instrument. Execution need not, and beauty of style could not, be carried further. A more plentiful sprinkling of terrific difficulties, a liberal use of harmonics, and a few rushes of scrambling *pizzicatos*, might, perhaps, have enlarged its wonder; but we are not prepared to name anything that could have enhanced its charm. It afforded us sincere pleasure to recognize in the enthusiastic expressions of M. Molique's audience, a proof that, even in this age of pseudo-miracles, there still remains a measure of appreciation for the musician who arms himself solely with the fair resources of his art, to the utter rejection of barbarous antics and fashionable extravagance. The accompaniments to this concerto were played with a delicacy very unusual in the Philharmonic orchestra when so employed;—a sufficient proof that to recklessness alone, is chargeable the disgraceful *crushing* which singers ordinarily endure at these concerts.

The vocal music of the evening was unsatisfactory, although it embraced two first-rate specimens—the “*Pria di partir*” of Mozart, and the “*Tremate empitremate*” of Beethoven. Mozart’s terzetto was hurried through after a very slovenly fashion—by the ladies, at least—the band, meanwhile, emulating the indifference of the singers; and the superb “*Tremate*” shared but little less melancholy a fate. Miss Birch wants many requisites for success with classical music. She sings with much volubility of execution and notal accuracy, but her style is frigid in the extreme, and her language lamentably obscure. Tamburini’s selection from the *Maometto* was not judicious for a concert of this class, albeit, strongly recommended by his beautiful singing. Mr. Bennett also acquitted himself honourably of his duty to the concerted music; a commendation which we are unable to extend to those associated with him.

The next concert will take place on Monday, May 11.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

DEVON:—Devon and Exeter Quartett Concerts.—The last of these performances for the season took place on the evening of Thursday last; we were glad to see it was fully attended; the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Quartett, No. 1, op. 18.....	Beethoven.
Glee—Return, blest days.....	Smith.
Song—When I think of the wrongs.....	Paer.
Duet—The convent bells.....	Blockley.
Grand Septuor, op. 74.....	Hummel.
Glee—See Flora fair.....	Sir J. L. Rogers, Bart.
Song—Scenes of my youth.....	Benedict.

PART II.

Quartett.....	Onslow.
Song—O, green are the groves.....	Sir J. Stevenson.
Glee—Some of my heroes are low.....	Stevens.
Duet—Violin and Pianoforte.....	Benedict and de Beriot.
Glee—Give me the harp.....	Sir J. Stevenson.
Finale—God save the queen.....	

The quartetts were admirably played, particularly Onslow’s, in which “*God save the Queen*” is charmingly introduced. The glees were sung by Master Nott, Messrs. Down, Carpenter, Boulton, Turner, and S. Haycraft, in a manner which evidently showed they had made themselves acquainted with the composer’s best wishes, by the rivetted attention of the audience, and the warm applause of each. Mr. S. Haycraft sang Paer’s Song exceedingly well; Miss Le Batt was deservedly encored in Benedict’s sweet ballad, also in Blockley’s duet, which she sang with Mr. Carpenter; this gentleman received the same honour in Sir J. Stevenson’s ballad: it may with truth be said that throughout these concerts he has shown himself a perfect master of the science. Mr. Rice (the leader) and Mr. H. S. Haycraft (the conductor) repeated (by desire) the duet by Benedict and De Beriot that they played at the second concert; we must again congratulate them on their great success. The conductor also played Hummel’s celebrated Septuor in D minor, in which he was admirably assisted by Messrs. Ransom, Pinkey, Rice, Rickard, Hayes, and Turner. This magnificent composition was given by Mr. Haycraft with great firmness of touch and volubility of finger, combined with elegance and brilliancy; as a member of the Royal Academy of Music he reflects the highest credit on that institution. These concerts have evidently shown that the taste for classical music is rapidly increasing in this county, and just praise is due to the conductor, and all that have assisted him in bringing forward the works of the great masters. Many splendid compositions lose interest from the nearly unavoidable misinterpretation of the author’s meaning, but those gentlemen seem to have had the happy method of following out, to the highest degree, the intention of each composer. We trust we may venture to hope these concerts are established for many years to come, and that on all future occasions we shall find native talent of equal merit, and still receiving increased support.

READING.—The last of the very pleasant Chamber Concerts given here by Mr. Venue, took place on Thursday the 23rd instant. Mrs. Toulmin and Mr. J. Parry were the principal vocalists. The former exhibited herself to much greater advantage than at the concert in February; she has greater declamatory power than we then gave her credit for.

J. Parry is a sure card, the drollery of his "Singing Lesson" is irresistible. Miss Venua played some variations by Herz with great ability. F. Venua, jun. also played Beethoven's variations to "See the conquering Hero comes," accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. H. J. Bannister. He has some brilliancy of finger, and altogether played in a style affording good promise of future excellence. The usual portion of well selected concerted music completed an agreeable entertainment. Mr. Venua has announced a similar series of concerts for next year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON TUESDAY, 21st inst., in obedience to Royal command, an anthem, composed by Mr. Elvey as an exercise for the degree of Mus. Doc., was performed in the music-room of Windsor Castle, in the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The principal singers were from the chapel choir, and were assisted in the choruses by about twenty gentlemen from the choir of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Her Majesty and her illustrious consort appeared to take great interest in the performance, and won the admiration of all present by their extreme kindness and unaffected courtesy. At the conclusion, "God save the Queen" was sung, with an additional verse in honour of Prince Albert. Mr. Elvey was introduced to Her Majesty, who expressed herself highly pleased with the composition and its performance, particularly noticing two solos sung by Master Foster. The vocalists dined at the palace, and afterwards attended service at the Chapel Royal, where an anthem, also the composition of Mr. Elvey, was effectively performed by the choir and the London amateurs.

THE ORATORIO, *Judas Maccabees* (Handel), was performed on Thursday, 16th inst., by the venerable Cecilian Society, in a style which, though wanting the gigantic proportions of some performances of a similar kind, was highly creditable to an institution which is the parent of all the choral societies in the metropolis. The principal singers were Misses Birch, Pennington, Pearce, and Rollo, and Messrs. Turner and Leffler. Mr. Joseph Walker conducted.

ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR.—On Tuesday evening the 21st inst., a selection of music was performed in this church, in aid of the funds for the repairs and additions made to its ancient organ. The singers were, Misses Birch, Hawes, A. and M. Williams, and Rainforth, and Messrs. Hobbs, Bennett, and Phillips. Mr. Turle, of Westminster Abbey, and Mr. Roe, of this church, divided the duty of accompaniment between them; Mr. Grattan Cooke lent the assistance of himself and his oboe, and Mr. T. Cooke conducted.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—It is not true that Benedict is to conduct Lord Burghersh's performance, as has been expected. Mr. Bishop has been engaged by his Lordship; and Mr. B. will conduct Prince Albert's concert on the 29th inst. Mr. Turle will conduct Lord Howe's, and Mr. Lucas one of the performances.

PHILHARMONIC.—It was said that Molique was to play a quartett with Blagrove, Loder, and Lindley, but it is not quite certain yet; he will, however, play at the next concert, also lead one night.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.		
Jullien.—Diana, grandes valse	Wessel & Co.	Moscheles.—C. M. von Weber's works, edited by, no. 10, Concert-Stuck. op. 79 Chappell.
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Clarke, Dr. J.—The Nubian girl's song

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Westrop, E. J.—The Universal Psalm-

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